

In Recital

Marilyn Golletz, soprano

assisted by

Sylvia Shadick-Taylor, piano

Thursday, June 17, 1993 at 7:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

Adriana Le Coureur (1904)
Io son l'umile ancella

Francesco Cilèa
(1886-1950)
Libretti: Colautti

Zigeunerlieder (1887)

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)
Prose: H Conrat

Le Papillon et la Fleur (1861)

Gabriel Faure
(1845-1924)
Prose: Victor Hugo

Je Te Veus (1900)

Erik Satie
(1886-1925)
Prose: R Hess

Intermission

Rakes Progress
No Word From Tom

Igor Stravinsky
(1882-1971)
Libretti: Auden

Gretchen Am Spinnrade
Standchen
Aufenthalt

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Der Abschiedsbrief (1933)

Kurt Weil
(1900-1950)

Nana's Lied (1939)
Youkali - Tango Habanera (1935)

Prose: Erich Kästner
Prose: Bertolt Brecht
Prose: Roger Fernay

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Golletz.

Texts and Translations

Io son l'umile ancella - See: I simple breathe
I am the humble maid
of the creator
He gives me speech
which I impart to the heart of man.
I am the accent of the verse,
the echo of human drama,
the fragile instrument,
servant to the hand.
Gentle, gay, cruel by turn,
I am called Fidelity.
My voice is a mere whisper
that tomorrow will die.

Zigeunerlieder - Gypsy Songs

1. Ho there Gypsy, strike the string
Play the Song of faithless maiden,
Let the Strings weep, lament in sad anxiety.
Till the warm tears flow down these cheeks.

2. High towering Rima waves,
How turbid you are!
By these banks I lament loudly
For you my sweet!
Waves are fleeing, waves are
streaming, rushing,
To the shore to me,
Let me by the Rimabanks
Forever weep for her!

Do you know when my little one is
her loveliest?
When her sweet mouth teases laughs
and kisses me!
Do you know when i like my lover
best of all?
When he holds me closely enfolded
in his arms.
Sweetheart you have mine, fervently
I kiss you.
The good Lord created you just
for me alone!

4. Dear God, you know how often I regretted
The kiss I gave but once to my beloved
My heart commanded me to kiss him,
I shall think forever of the first kiss
Dear God you know how often at dead of night
In joy and in sorrow I thought of my
dearest one.
Love is sweet, though bitter be remorse
My poor heart, will remain ever, ever true!

5. The bronzed young fellow leads to the
dance,
His lovely blue eyed maiden,
Boldly clanking his spurs together,
A Czordas melody begins
He caresses and kisses his sweet dove
Whirls her, leads her, shouts and springs about
Throws three shiny silver guilders,
On the cymbal to make it ring!

6. Roses three in a row bloom so red
There's no law against the lad's visiting his girl
Oh good Lord, if that too were forbidden
This beautiful wide world would have persisted
long ago.

To remain single would be a sin
The loveliest city in Alfold is Ketschkemet
There abide so many maidens sweet and nice.
Friends go there to choose a little bride;
Ask for her in marriage and then establish
your home
Then empty cups of joy!

7. Do you sometimes recall
My sweet love,
When you once vowed to me with
solemn oath?
Deceive me not, leave me not,
You know not how dear you are to me.
Do you love me as I love you.
Then God's grade will descend upon you!

Texts and Translations (continued)

8. Red clouds of evening move
Across the firmament,
Longing for your sweet,
My heart is a fire,
The heavens shine in glowing splendour
And I dreamt
Only of that sweet love of mine.

Le Papillon et la Fleur - The Butterfly and the Flowers

The poor flower was saying to the butterfly,
'don't fly away'
See how our destinies are different
I say, you go.
However we love each other, we live without
humans,
Far from them.
And we look alike and they say we are flowers,
both of us.
But alas, the year takes you, and the earth
chains me, cruel fate.

I would like to embalm your flight with my
breath in the sky
But no, you go too far among the flowers and
you fly.
And I must stay alone and watch the shadow
that surrounds me, at my feet.

You fly, and you return, and you go again
Enchanting elsewhere
And then you always find me every dawn
...all in tears.

Ah that our love remain faithful, oh my King
Take root 'like me or give me wings like you!!

Je Te Veux -

You must know how I love you,
And I swear you'll be mine
I'll place no one above you,
All the past now forgetting
No more regretting
For this is the moment sublime
when I'll bear one more time,
You are mine

I have few things to say
There's but one thought I treasure
next to you, I shall stay
tasting joy without measure
with my heart ever near,
Though your lips never told me
I'll have no more to fear if your
two loving arms enfold.

You must know how I love you

...

...

...Yes I see in your eyes that dear
promise you made me.
No more tears or goodbyes,
Love shall no more evade me
There shall burn in your heart,
like a warm glowing ember, one
sweet dream set apart which
we too ever shall remember

You must know how I love you

...

...

Gretchen am Spinnrade - Margaret at the Spinning Wheel

Oh my heart is sad, my rest is o'er
And never a las! shall I find it,
ne'er find it more.

And when he's not near, my love lies here,
'Tis all distress and bitterness,
My poor weak head,
seems tempest toss'd,
My poor weak senses,
seem quite lost.

Oh my heart is sad, my rest is o'er,
And never, alas shall I find it,
ne'er find it more.

'Tis he alone, from the window I seek,
With him alone go out to speak,
His noble form, his bearing so high,
And his smile so radiant his all powerful eye,
His witching words for me, such bliss

Text and Translations (continued)

His hands fond grasp,
and oh, his kiss!
Oh my heart is sad, my rest is
o'er, and never alas, shall I
find in it, ne'er find it more.

I long my arms round him to cast
Could I but seize him and hold him fast,
And kiss and kiss, so I desired
Till on his kisses, my life expir'd.

O could I but kiss him as I desired
Till on his kisses my life expir'd
Till on his kisses my life expir'd

Oh my heart is sad my rest is o'er.

Standchen - Serenade

Warm entreaties gently pleading
Through the night to thee,
Say while all is calm and silent
Dearest come to me!

Whispering branches softly murmuring
In the moonlight clear
In the moonlight clear.
None may watch thee, none can harm thee
Wherefore dost thou fear?
Wherefore dost thou fear?

Hear the nightingale so tender,
Would her strain were thine.
Ev'ry note lamenting echoes
Some fond sigh of mine.

Ah she knows the lover's wishes,
Mourns when hopes depart.
Mourns when hopes depart.
Moving with her silv'ry cadence
Ev'ry drooping heart
Ev'ry drooping heart
Let the pity then restore me,
Dearest art thou near.

Oh! I tremble lest I lost thee!
Come and bless me hear
Come and bless me hear.

Aufenthalt - My Abode

Dull murm'ring stream,
wild rustling wood,
cold senseless rock, my lone abode.

Dull murm'ring stream
Wild rustling wood
cold senseless rock, my lone abode.

As wave on wave breaks upon the shore,
E'en so my tears ever move,
E'en so tears follow,
for ever, for evermore,
E'en so many tears follow tears ever more
Rustling the treetops wave in the air,
So all unheard is my heart throb here,
Rustling the treetops wave in the air,
So all unheard is my heartthrob here.

Der Abschiedsbrief - The Farewell Letter

For two full hours now I've been sitting in the
Cafe Bauer. If you're no longer interested, then
tell me to my face! My cream won't turn sour
just because of that. To hell with you, my
sweetheart. So what? Let's call it quits. You
mustn't think that I'll miss you.
We're all washed up. Even I have what they
call "honor." Don't show up again, my darling,
or I'll throw you out.

You're not the first one to disappear like that. I
don't deserve that kind of treatment, sonny. Do
you actually think that I couldn't replace you?
There are plenty of better fish in the sea.

I'm wearing the greet poplin dress—the one
that has a hole in it, thanks to you. You know
how revealing it is. Also, I still have a
pillowcase that I started for you. You were
supposed to get it on Christmas Eve. That's all
over now, and all the same to me. Others will
sleep on it—more than once. Because what's
over, sweetheart, is gone for good.

I'm not proud. The situation doesn't call for that. If you've got some money, send it fast. A bald-headed man is sitting across from me and leering. That's the boss from Engelhorn's Hotel! Well, what do you know! The gentleman across the table just asked if I would like to...—because he would very much like to... He has cash, the old crook. Keep your money! And sleep by yourself, my boy!

You're just like them all. The old fogey is coming over. He's going to take me with him...So, bug off! Kiss my ass! With all my heart, your friend, Erna Schmidt. I ask nothing, I must not ask. You have told me not to. But do I hear your car? Then I think, should say something? Or should I say nothing? It's all said in your look. Do you believe that only the mouth speaks? Eyes are like windows. One can always see through any window. And if you close them, everything seems worse. My eyes hear something different from ears. I was born to bear pain. Let me look through the window. Let me look! The sun can no longer shine. "It's raining," says the window. It says only what it thinks Let us weep together.

Nannna's Lied - Nanna's Song

1

Gentlemen, I was only seventeen when I landed on the love market. And I learned a lot of things—mostly bad, but that was the game. Still I resented much of it. (After all, I am a human being.)

Thank God, it all goes by quickly—both the love and sorrow. Where are the tears of last night? Where are the snows of years gone by?

2

As the years go by, it gets easier on the love market—easier to embrace a whole troop there. But it's amazing how your feelings cool off when you're stingy with them. (After all, everything gets used up eventually.) Thank God it all goes by quickly—both the love and sorrow. Where are the tears of last night? Where are the snows of years gone by?

3

And although you learn the tricks of the trade on the love market, it's never easy to convert lust into small change. Still it can be done, but meanwhile you get a little older. (After all, you can't stay seventeen forever.) Thank God it all goes by quickly—both the love and sorrow. Where are the tears of last night? Where are the snows of years gone by?

Youkali: Tango Habanera

Wandering at the will of the sea, my vagabond bark led me to the end of the world. It's quite a small island, but the spite who dwells there politely invites us to tour it.

Youkali is the land of our desires. It means happiness and pleasure; it is the land where we leave cares behind. It is the beacon in our clouded night, the star we follow; it's Youkali. There we keep our promises. It is the land of shared love. It means happiness and pleasure, but it's only a dream, a folly. There is no Youkali.

And Life, tedious and banal, drags us along. Yet the poor human soul seeking oblivion everywhere, knew how, in leaving this earth, to find the mystery where our dreams are buried, in some Youkali.

Youkali is the land of our desires. It means happiness and pleasure; it is the land where we leave cares behind. It is the beacon in our clouded night, the star we follow; it's Youkali. There we keep our promises. It is the land of shared love. It means the hope in all human hearts, the rescue we all wait for. Youkali is the land of our desires. It means happiness and pleasure, but it's only a dream, a folly. There is no Youkali.

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